MY WALK TO CHURCH.

Breathing the summer-scented air
Along the bowery mountain way,
Each Lord's day morning I repair
To serve my church a mile away.

Below, the glorious river lies—
A bright, broad-breasted, sylvan sea—
And round the sumptuous highlands rise,
Fair as the hills of Galilee.

Young flowers are in my path. I hear
Music of unrecorded tone.
The heart of Beauty beats so near,
Its pulses modulate my own.

The shadow on the meadow's breast
Is not more calm than my repose
As, step by step, I am the guest
Of every living thing that grows.

Ah, something melts along the sky,
And something rises from the ground,
And fills the inner ear and eye
Beyond the sense of sight and sound.

It is not that I strive to see
What Love in lovely shapes has wrought—
Its gracious messages to me
Come, like the gentle dews, unsought.

I merely walk with open heart
Which feels the secret in the sign;
But, oh, how large and rich my part
In all that makes the feast devine!

Sometimes I hear the happy birds
That sang to Christ beyond the sea,
And softly His consoling words
Blend with their joyous minstrelsy.

Sometimes in royal vesture glow
The lilies that He called so fair,
Which never toil nor spin, yet show
The loving Father's tender care.

And then along the fragrant hills
A radiant presence seems to move,
And earth grows fairer as it fills
The very air I breathe with love.

And now I see one perfect face,
And hastening to my church's door,
Find Him within the holy place
Who, all my way, went on before.

—*Horatio Nelson Powers, in Harper's Magazine.*

DAISY

"Yes, I am going away," said Cyril Danton, switching the heads off the white meadow-daisies as he walked along, and glancing askance at the graceful, girlish figure and sweet, downcast face that kept pace so modestly and silently beside him. "Away from this out-of-the-way country hole, where the people understand and care for nothing but to 'grub' for existence in the soil like moles, and affect to despise, or regard with impudent curiosity, every one whose instincts and intuitions are higher and nobler than their own. I feel that the city is the place for me. My talents and abilities are lost here; no one comprehends, no one appreciates me, except yourself, little Daisy," the speaker added, more graciously, "and my dear mother."

Little Daisy, as her companion had called her, made no answer in words; her only reply was a glance, timid and loving, from a pair of wistful, soft blue eyes, that sank modestly the instant they met Cyril's.

He reached out, and took her soft, little sun-burnt hand within his own.

"You won't forget me, little sweetheart. You and my mother will pray for me at home, while I work hard in the city. And you know that sketch I made of you when first you came? Well, I shall make it the central figure for the great group of sculpture that is to make my name—a Marguerite or a Madonna, probably. And when I am rich I shall come back and marry you, and show the world the original as my own sweet wife. Will you wait for me so long, little Daisy?"

The young girl raised her innocent eyes to his, and shook her head with a blush and a suppressed sigh.

"It would be no use if I did," she answered, simply. "You will have changed your mind, I know; you will not want me then."

Cyril, however, protested earnestly against that.

"You are the dearest little thing in the world," he said; "and you know I love you. Promise, Daisy, dear, to wait for me."

And so she promised him; wondering in her innocent humility, that he—so handsome and gifted, and some day to be so great, should choose a little country maiden for his love, but having no doubts, in her own simple truth, of of his sincerity.

"I will read and study hard when you are away," she said, between smiles and tears; "so that, when the day you speak of comes, I shall not shame you."

And he told her—half in earnest, and quite truthfully—that "she could never shame him"—that her innocence, and truth, and beauty, would grace the highest station. And as he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her sweet, shy lips, and realized that she loved him, something deeper and more serious than a mere light fancy awoke in his vain, ambitious soul, and for the moment he felt that the faith of this pure young heart was a better treasure than wealth of fame could bring him.

But, being a man, he put the thought away. For—"love is of man's life a thing apart."

"She is a sweet thing," he thought, contentedly; "and when my position in the world is assured I will come back and marry her. No man could have a lovelier or a purer little wife!"

But the world, with its flatteries and disappointments, its promises, delusions, snares, soon effaced the light impression poor Daisy had made upon a light and fickle heart, and he was annoyed when his mother wrote him three years later: "Our Daisy, as you used to call her, is nineteen now. Her aunt has left her a little fortune, and she has welcomed it for your sake, Cyril, to be of some use to you. You cannot think how the poor child has studied to improve herself, for the same reason, or how faithfully she clings to her love for you, and belief in your solemn engagement. My son, if you do not really purpose making her your wife, it would be more honorable to ask her to release you. It is a crime to trifle with a trusting heart; and such a one is Daisy's."

When this letter reached him he was quite impatient and vexed, and inveighed bitterly against "the folly of young girls who take a word of flattery in earnest!"

"For I have no recollection of anything like a serious engagement," he wrote, "although, of course, if Daisy claims that such was the case, I shall, if necessary, sacrifice myself to a sense of honor. But I believe my cousin is too just to require this, and too sensible to believe that a man and woman could marry happily upon the mere remnant of a boy-and-girl flirtation. It is not that any other love has filled my heart. I have never really loved. My art is my love, and my life's one aim and hope is—ambition."

And to himself he said:

"Marry, indeed! Tie myself down with a wife and family, to be a clog upon my best endeavors! No, Indeed! And for Daisy, too—a poor, little, simple country girl, as sweet and insipid as the flower I named her after! Will she hold me bound? Have I ruined my whole career by a moment of thoughtless folly?"

Not if "the ruin of his whole career" meant marrying Daisy.

By return of post came a letter that set him free. It contained but few words, simple and to the point, and was quite prettily written. He turned it over and over curiously, his first feeling of self-gratulation giving way to an odd sense of annoyance and loss.

"Cool enough, certainly. She couldn't have been so fond of me as mother thought. And nicely written. She must have improved a good deal." He glanced at the picture again. "She was a lovely creature in those days, certainly, and with proper training, and culture, and dress, and all that might have developed into a beauty; but, pshaw! don't I know how these country girls grow up! Freckled, and tanned, coarse and awkward, tow-headed, ignorant, and narrow-minded. I am well out of a troublesome scrape and have good reason to be thankful!"

He thought so in good earnest when, in the following winter, he met at last the woman whom he called "his fate"; at sight of her the light and ambitious heart—that Daisy's simple loveliness had touched, indeed, but never really won—was stirred to its hitherto unsuspected depths, and awoke to a real passion.

"They tell me I am like your statue of Marguerite," said Miss Raymond to him, with her calm and gracious smile. "I should like to see it, and judge for myself, if you have no objection."

He had no objection, though he dared not say so, it was such a fanciful and idle one. In his soul he shrank from allowing the woman whom he loved to look upon the modelled face of the girl who had loved him, and whose trust he had betrayed.

For he could better appreciate now what he had made Daisy suffer—now that his own heart was awake.

"If she loved me as I love this queen of hearts," he thought, "what must my infidelity have cost her? Poor little, innocent child! Heaven grant that this woman, who holds my heart in her fair hands, may not fling it away as I did Daisy's!"

And mentally he vowed, standing beside "his fate," and gazing with her on the "Marguerite"—to seek out the poor crushed flower he had worn so lightly, and ask her pardon, and to be to her always a true friend and brother.

Aura Raymond, the beauty and heiress, stood long before the statue without a word. It may have been the memory of Marguerite's sad story, or it may have been the pure and simple loveliness of the flower-like face, that touched her heart—but, as she gazed, her own face grew clouded, and a look of pain and trouble grew in her deep violet eyes.

Then suddenly she turned to Cyril. She was stately always, but she seemed imperious now.

"What was her name?" she asked him.

For his life he could not have refused to answer. Could not, even to win her, deceive the woman he adored.

"I call her 'Daisy,'" he said, humbly. "It was a pet name, only she was a sort of distant cousin—I do not remember her real name — 'Daisy Vane.'"

"And did you love her?—I know that she loved you—no need to tell me that; I can read it in those candid, innocent eyes. Did you love her, Cyril Danton?"

Then he told her all. His vanity, his falsehood, his awaking to real love, his penitence for the wrong he had done Daisy.

"I never knew how great it was till I loved *you!*" he cried. "For until then I never knew what love was! Oh, Aura, you are dearer to me than my life! I have no wish to live unless I win you!"

"And so feels Daisy still for you!" she cried, with her lovely color mantling high, and her violet eyes growing deep and dark with emotion.

"Or so she *did* feel a few months ago, when I saw her and learned her story. I know what her sorrow was! It was to win you back to *her* that I first sought to meet and know you!"

Face to face they stood, looking into each other's eyes, the woman flushed and proud, the man pale as death.

"You have deceived me, then—as I did Daisy," he groaned. "Trifled with my true heart—as I did with hers. Well!"—he turned away and covered his face with his hands—"I am justly punished!"

She laid her soft white hand upon his arm and looked up into his face, with a smile like that of Marguerite herself; the proud imperious air was gone—she was gentle, pleading, tender now, as Daisy could have been.

"No!" she said. "I have not trifled or deceived, *for I love you, Cyril!* Nay—" for he would have caught her in his arms, "not until you are free! You are Daisy's yet, unless she gives me to you; I hold it nothing that she gave you back your freedom when you asked it—what could her pride do less? She is not, to-day, the little, simple girl you won; she is called beautiful, and she has studied hard to be worthy of you, and had ample means, left to her by a relative. She is no more the simple girl you cast away, but a proud woman, Cyril. But pride could not cure her love, and she grieved for you, and I vowed that I would bring you back. Let me keep my word. Come back with me to your mother's house, and to 'Daisy,' and let her decide our fate."

But he hesitated. "If she should hold me bound," he said—"and I love you!"

But she smiled happily.

"She is too proud to hold you against your will," she said.

"Will you come?"

"Anywhere—with you to lead!" he answered passionately.

She held out her hand.

"I will lead you to your happiness," she said, quietly.

The journey was a short one, and neither spoke many words on the way, both were full of the thoughts of what the coming interview would bring forth.

Cyril, especially, cudgelled his brain to think what his fair companion's real motive could be, and he was inwardly gnawed with the pangs of doubt and of remorse—doubt whether Daisy would be strong enough to let pride overcome love, or whether the passion would be too strong for her; and remorse for the part he acted towards her; and which caused a feeling of that dangerous emotion, pity, to spring up in his heart towards the woman he had treated so coldly, and who loved him so well.

Aura, on her part, had a half-mused half-expectant expression, which increased Cyril's perplexity, as every now and again he gave a swift look into her clear eyes.

At length they reached their destination, and the evening sun bathed the landscape in crimson splendor as they drove up to the gate. How familiar was the scene!

"Those seem to be the very same meadow daisies whose heads I switched off, years ago," Cyril said; and then another memory came back and he broke off, sighing.

Mrs. Danton came running out to meet them, and clasped her long-lost truant in her arms.

"Welcome home, my son!" she cried; then turning to Miss Raymond: "And Daisy, too! You two together? So you succeeded, then, true heart, and won him back again!"

Cyril uttered a sudden cry.

"Daisy!" he cried. "You Daisy? Oh!" and then swift comprehension flashed on heart and brain. He turned and caught her to his heart. "Forgive me! Forgive me! my true love! I know you now—so changed and yet the same; my little cousin, Aura Raymond Vane—my own sweet 'Daisy!'"

Went South for Husbands.

Three Yankee girls are here teaching school, and I'll bet that some of our widowers will marry them before the year closes. Away back before the war, when Yankee girls used to come south and teach school, our widowers married them as fast as they came. They were smart, self-reliant and economical, and that is the kind of a wife a widower wants.—*Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.*

TROUBLE ON BOTH SIDES.

Talmage's Eloquent Sunday Morning Discourse.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ Only Asks You to Climb as Jonathan Did—Climb Toward God, Climb Toward Heaven. Climb Into the Sunshine of God's Favor—Up Into the Communion of Saints—Up Into the Peace that Passeth All Understanding—Up Into the Companionship of Angels.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 19.—The Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage's subject to-day was: "Trouble on Both Sides," and his text: "There was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."—I Samuel, ch. xiv, v. 4.

The cruel army of the Philistines must be taken and scattered. There is just one man, accompanied by his bodyguard, to do that thing. Jonathan is the hero of the scene. I know that David cracked the skull of the giant with a few pebbles well slung, and that three hundred Gideonites scattered ten thousand Amalekites by the crash of broken crockery; but here is a more wonderful conflict. Yonder are the Philistines on the rocks. Here is Jonathan with his bodyguard in the valley. On the one side is a rock called Bozez; on the other side is the rock called Seneh. These two were as famous in olden times, as in modern times are Plymouth Rock and Gibraltar. They were precipitous, unscalable, and sharp. Between these two rocks Jonathan must make his ascent. The day comes for the scaling of the height. Jonathan, on his hands and feet, begins the ascent. With strain, and slip, and bruise, I suppose, but still on and up, first goes Jonathan, and then goes his bodyguard. Bozez on one side, Seneh on the other. After a sharp tug, and push, and clinging, I see the head of Jonathan above the whole in the mountain; and there is a challenge, and a fight, a supernatural consternation. These two men, Jonathan and his bodyguard, drive back and drive down the Philistines over the rocks, and open a campaign which demolishes the enemies of Israel. I suppose that the overhanging and overshadowing rocks on either side did not balk or dishearten Jonathan or his bodyguard but only roused and filled them with enthusiasm as they went up. "There was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

My friends, you have been, or are now, some of you, in this crisis of the text. If a man meets one trouble, he can go through with it. He gathers all his energies, concentrates them upon one point, and in the strength of God, or by his own natural determination, goes through it. But the man who has trouble to the right of him, and trouble to the left of him is to be pitied. Did either trouble come alone, he might endure it, but two troubles, two disasters, two overshadowing misfortunes, are Bozez and Seneh. God pity him! "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

In this crisis of the text is that man whose fortune and health fail him at the same time. Nine-tenths of all our merchants capsize in business before they come to forty-five years of age. There is some collision in commercial circles, and they stop payment. It seems as if every man must put his name on the back of a note before he learns what a fool a man is who risks all his own property on the prospect that some man will tell the truth. It seems as if a man must have a large amount of unsalable goods on his own shelf before he learns how much easier it is to buy than to sell. It seems as if every man must be completely burned out before he learns the importance of always keeping fully insured. It seems as if every man must be wrecked in a financial tempest before he learns to keep things snug in case of a sudden euroclydon. When the calamity does come it is awful. The man goes home in despair, and he tells his family: "We'll have to go to the poor-house." He takes a dolorous view of everything. It seems as if he never could rise. But a little time passes, and he says: "Why, I am not so badly off after all; I have my family left."

Before the Lord turned Adam out of Paradise, he gave him Eve, so that when he lost Paradise he could stand it. Permit one who has never read but a few novels in all his life, and who has not a great deal of romance in his composition, to say, that if, when a man's fortunes fail, he has a good wife—a good Christian wife—he ought not to be despondent. "Oh," you say, "that only increases the embarrassment, since you have her also to take care of." You are an ingrate, for the woman as often supports the man as the man supports the woman. The man may bring all the dollars, but the woman generally brings the courage and the faith in God.

Well, this man of whom I am speaking, looks around, and he finds his family is left, and he rallies, and the light comes to his eyes, and the smile to his face, and the courage to his heart. In two years he is quite over it. He makes his financial calamity the first chapter in a new era of prosperity. He met that one trouble, conquered it. He sat down for a little while under the grim shadow of the rock Bozez; yet he soon rose, and began, like Jonathan, to climb. But how often it is that physical ailment comes with financial embarrassment. When the fortune failed it broke the man's spirit. His nerves were shattered. His brain was stunned. I can show you hundreds of men in New York whose fortune and health failed at the same time. They came prematurely to the staff. Their hand trembled with incipient paralysis. They never saw a well day since the hour when they called their creditors together for a compromise. If such men are impatient, and peculiar, and irritable, excuse them. They had two troubles; either one of which they could have met successfully. If, when the health went, the fortune had been retained, it would not have been so bad. The man could have bought the very best medical advice, and he could have had the very best attendance, and long lines of carriages would have stopped at the front door to inquire as to his welfare. But poverty on one side, and sickness on the other, are Bozez and Seneh, and they interlock their shadows, and drop them upon the poor man's way. God help him! "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

Now, what is such a man to do? In the name of Almighty God, I will tell him what to do. Do as Jonathan did—climb; climb up into the sunlight of God's favor and consolation. I can go through the churches, and show you men who lost fortune and health at the same time, and yet who sing all day and dream of heaven all night. If you have any idea that sound digestion, and steady nerves, and clear eyesight, and good hearing, and plenty of friends, are necessary to make a man happy, you have miscalculated. I suppose that these overhanging rocks only made Jonathan scramble the harder and faster to get up and out into the sunlight; and this combined shadow of invalidism and financial embarrassment has often sent a man up the quicker into the sunlight of God's favor and the noonday of His glorious promises. It is a difficult thing for a man to feel his dependence upon God when he has ten thousand dollars in Government securities, and a block of stores and three ships. "Well," the man says to himself, "it is silly for me to pray 'Give me this day my daily bread,' when my pantry is full, and the canals from the West are crowded with bread-stuffs destined for my store-houses." Oh, my friends, if the combined misfortunes and disasters of life have made you climb up into the arms of a sympathetic and compassionate God, through all eternity you will bless Him that in this world "there was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

Again that man is in the crisis of the text who has home troubles and outside persecution at the same time. The world treats a man well just as long as it pays best to treat him well. As long as it can manufacture success out of his bone, and brain, and muscle it favors him. The world fattens the horse it wants to drive. But let a man see it his duty to cross the track of the world, then every bush is full of horns and tusks thrust at him. They will belittle his. They will caricature him. They will call him generosity self aggrandizement, and his piety sanctimoniousness. The very worst persecution some time come upon him from those who profess to be Christians.

John Milton—great and good John Milton—so forgot himself as to pray, in so many words, that his enemies might be thrown down into the darkest and deepest gulf of hell, and be the undermost and most dejected and the lowest down vassals of perdition! And Martin Luther so far forgot himself as to say, in regard to his theological opponents: "Put them in whatever sauce you please, roasted, or fried, or baked, or stewed, or boiled, or hashed, they are nothing but asses!" Ah, my friends, if John Milton or Martin Luther could come down to such scurrility, what may you not expect from less elevated opponents? Now, the world sometimes takes after them; the newspapers take after them; public opinion takes after them; and the unfortunate man is lied about until all the dictionary of Billingsgate is exhausted on him. You often see a man whom you know to be good, and pure, and honest, set upon by the world, and mauled by whole communities, while vicious men take on a supercilious air in condemnation of him; as though Lord Jeffreys should write an essay on gentleness, or Henry VIII. talk about purity, or Herod take to blessing little children.

Now, a certain amount of persecution rouses a man's defiance, stirs his blood for magnificent battle, and makes him fifty times more a man than he would have been without the persecution. So it was with the great reformer when he said: "I will not be put down; I will be heard." And so it was with Millard, the preacher, in the time of Louis XI. When Louis XI. sent word to him that unless he stopped preaching in that style he would throw him into the river, he replied: "Tell the king that I will reach heaven sooner by water than he will reach it by fast horses." A certain amount of persecution is a tonic and inspiration, but too much of it, and too long continued, becomes the rock Bozez, throwing a dark shadow over a man's life. What is he to do then? Go home, you say. Good advice, that. That is just the place for a man to go when the world abuses him. Go home. Blessed be God for our quiet and sympathetic homes. But there is many a man who has the reputation of having a home who has none. Through unthinkingness or precipitation, there are many matches made that ought never to have been made. An officiating priest cannot alone unite a couple. The Lord Almighty must proclaim banns. There is many a home in which there is no sympathy, and no happiness, and no good cheer. The clamor of the battle may not have been heard outside, but God knows, notwithstanding all the playing of the "Wedding March," and all the odor of the orange-blossoms, and the benediction of the officiating pastor, there has been no marriage.

Sometimes men have awakened to find on one side of them the rock of persecution, and on the other side the rock of domestic infelicity. What shall such an one do. Do as Jonathan did—climb. Get up the heights of God's consolation, from which we may look down in triumph upon outside persecution and home trouble. While good and great John Wesley was being silenced by the magistrates, and having his name written on the board-fences of London in doggerel, at that very time his wife was making him as miserable as she could—acting as though she were possessed with the devil, as I suppose she was; never doing him a kindness until the day she ran away, so that he wrote in his diary these words: "I did not forsake her; I have not dismissed her; I will not recall her." Planting one foot, John Wesley did, upon outside persecution, and the other foot on home trouble, he climbed up into the heights of Christian joy, and after preaching forty thousand sermons, and traveling two hundred and seventy thousand miles, reached the heights of heaven, though in this world he had it hard enough—"a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other."

Again, that woman stands in the crisis of the text, who has bereavement and a struggle for a livelihood at the same time. Without mentioning names, I speak from observation. Ah, it is a hard thing for a woman to make an honest living, even when her heart is not troubled, and she has a fair cheek and the magnetism of an exquisite presence. But now the husband, or the father, is dead. The expenses of the obsequies have absorbed all that was left in the savings' bank; and wan and wasted with weeping and watching, she goes forth—a grave, a hearse, a coffin, behind her—to contend for her existence and the existence of her children. When I see such a battle as that open I shut my eyes at the gastliness of the spectacle. Men sit with embroidered slippers and write heartless essays about women's wages; but that question is made up of tears and blood, and there is more blood than tears. Oh, give women free access to all the realms where she can get a livelihood, from the telegraph office to the pulpit. Let men's wages be cut down before hers are cut down. Men have iron in their souls and can stand it. Make the way free to her of the broken heart. May God put into my hand the cold, bitter cup of privation, and give me nothing but a windowless hut for shelter for many years, rather than that after I am dead there should go out from my home into the pitiless world a woman's arm to fight the Gettysburg, the Austerlitz, the Waterloo of life, for bread.

And yet how many women there are seated between the rock of bereavement on the one side, and the rock of destitution on the other, Bozez and Seneh interlocking their shadow and dropping them upon her miserable way. "There is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side." What are such to do? Somehow, let them climb up into the heights of the glorious promise: "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me." Or get up into the heights of that other glorious promise: "The Lord preserveth the stranger and relieveth the widow and the fatherless." O! ye sewing women on starving wages. O! ye widows turned out from the once beautiful home. O! ye female teachers, kept on niggardly stipend. O! ye desparing woman, seeking in vain for work, wandering along the docks, and thinking to throw yourself into the river last night. O! ye women of weak nerves and aching sides, and short breath and broken heart, you need something more than human sympathy; you need the sympathy of God. Climb up into His arms. He knows it all, and he loves you more than father, or mother, or husband ever could or ever did; and instead of sitting down, wringing your hands in despair, you had better begin to climb. There are heights of consolation for you, though now "there is a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

Again, that man is in the crisis of the text who has a wasted life on the one side and an illuminated eternity on the other. Though a man may all his life have cultured deliberation and self-poise, if he gets into that position all his self-possession is gone. There are all the wrong thoughts of his existence, all the wrong deeds, all the wrong words—strata above strata, granitic ponderous, overshadowing. That rock I call Bozez. On the other side are all the contributions of the future, the thrones of judgment, the eternal ages, angry with his long defiance. That rock I shall call Seneh. Between these two rocks Lord Byron perished, and Alcibiades perished, and Herod perished, and ten thousand times ten thousand have perished. O! man immortal, man redeemed, man blood-bought, climb up out of those shadows. Climb up by the way of the Cross. Have your wasted life forgiven; have your eternal life secured. This morning just take one look to the past and see what it has been, and take one look to the future and see what it threatens to be. You can afford to lose your health, you can afford to lose your property, you can afford to lose your reputation; but you cannot afford to lose your soul. That bright gleaming, glorious, precious, eternal possession you must carry aloft in the day when the earth burns up and the heavens burst.

You see from my subject that when a man goes into the safety and peace of the Gospel, he does not demean himself. There is nothing in religion that leads to meanness or unmanliness. The Gospel of Jesus Christ only askes you to climb as Jonathan did—climb toward God, climb toward heaven, climb into the sunshine of God's favor. To become a Christian is not to go meanly down; it is to come gloriously up—up into the communion of saints, up into the peace that passeth all understanding, up into the companionship of angels. He lives up; he dies up.

O! then, accept the wholesale invitation which I make this morning to all the people. Come up from between your invalidism and financial embarrassments. Come up from between your bereavements and your destitution. Come up from between a wasted life and an unilluminated eternity. Like Jonathan, climb with all your might, instead of sitting down to wring your hands in the shadow and in the darkness—"a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side."

Would Keep It.

The librarian of a Kansas Sunday-school was called upon by the minister in charge of the flock. "Brother Hanks," said the preacher, "I have heard some little complaint in regard to some books you recently added to our library."

"I am sorry to hear it, Brother Fisher, for I am sure that I have exercised my best judgment in all my selections. Of what especial book has complaint been made?"

"Of a volume called 'Nana,' written by some fellow named Zola."

"Just hold on a minute," said the librarian, "and let us examine the objectionable work."

He produced the book. The minister took it. The librarian waited nearly an hour but the minister did not look up.

"Brother Fisher," the librarian called. The minister did not respond. "Brother Fisher," called the librarian, leaning over and shaking the preacher.

"Yes, what is it, brother?"

"The book, what do you think of it?"

"Oh, ah, yes, the book. I'll tell you what we'll do, Brother Hanks. We'll put some other book in the library and keep this one for ourselves?"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Why a Kitten Hates a Young Man.

Instinct in animals sometimes rises to the level of reason, and often it is somewhat difficult to draw a line between the two, as in a recent case where a family in town owned two pet kittens about six months old. One of them being especially bright was taught all sorts of tricks, and when anxious to call one's attention to him would go through the entire vocabulary until you were obliged to cater to his wants. But the other cat was stupid beyond endurance and never learned to go through with even the simplest without a balk and finally the fiat went forth that he must die. Yesterday morning a male member of the family quietly dispatched him. When the executioner returned to the house the living kitten manifested the most abject terror at sight of him. It rushed upon and under the tables, skulking behind chairs and finally made a rush through a closed window. This fact was all the more surprising, as the man had been an undeniable favorite with the kitten, and it never lost an opportunity of displaying an affection for him. So far, the kitten has kept a proper distance between him and the slayer of his brother.—*New Haven News.*

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the whistler, will return to this country in a few weeks.

The queen of Sweden is acting as her own chambermaid to cure nervousness.

It is announced that there will be another Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau in 1890.

It is said that the marriage of the young emperor of China will cost some $6,000,000.

Paris will have an international horse show next year, and distribute $45,000 in prizes.

Justice Gray of the supreme court of the United States has been spending a few days at Newport.

Ex-Senator Van Wyck wants to go to congress as the successor of Congressman Mcshane of Nebraska.

The cottage in which Gen. Grant was born will be a feature at the Ohio centennial exposition at Columbus.

Sir Edward Vincent, the financial adviser of the Khedive of Egypt, is making a brief tour of the United States.

St. Louis and Atlanta are said to be the best mule markets in the country. General Barnum should paste this in his hat.

Robert Lincoln says that the only protection he found in Europe was his umbrella, as it rained five days in every week.

The bow at the top of your parasol cannot be too flamboyant for fashion, and the richer and costlier the ribbon composing it, the better the style.

India pongee grows more and more the rage, and is used indifferently for gowns, hats, wraps or blouses, which are usually trimmed with sharply contrasting darker hue.

A very new and very French fancy for waist trimming is a corselet of wide ribbon not fitted, but held in place by pins, and ending in a knot and long end to fall over the skirt.

Waists run to extremes, either under the armpits, or long as the moral law; but the same bodice may be made to answer for both styles by means of the wide softly-folded empire sash.

In skirts elegant simplicity is now the effect most sought, though many with elaborate drapery and all manner of folds and frillings are still seen on those whose hearts are still deceived by ornament.

Many of the latest toilets for bridesmaids are quaint and old-fashioned in effect, and many toilets of this description made by London modistes are modeled after dresses popular in the sixteenth century.

Palest rose pink, several delicate shades of green, rosy lilac and yellow are the tints in high vogue for summer toilets at the various fashionable resorts. Some of them have short skirts and others demi-trains.

French walking skirts are two and one-half yards round the bottom with fitted front and side gores and yoke at the back breadth is gathered, and have either a hem with trimming put full below it or lace trimmed flounce set upon the skirt.

In answer to casual question,
How easy and truthful to tell it's
A cure for the worst indigestion,
To take Pierce's Purgative Pellets.

The old-fashioned corded and cross-barred organdy muslin is again in high favor, as well as lace-striped batiste, and chambray and Scotch ginghams as well.

"I Don't Want Relief, But Cure,"

is the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh can be cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It has been done in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease.

Dark-green rough straw hats faced with a shirring of dark-green net and trimmed with drooping pink gladioli and grasses are pretty for wear during the autumn.

Are you sad, despondent, gloomy?
Are you sore distressed?
Listen to the welcome bidding—
"Be at rest."
Have you aches and pains unnumbered,
Poisoning life's Golden Cup?
Think not there's no balm in Gilead, and
"Give it up."
A Golden Remedy awaits you—
Golden not alone in name—
Reach, oh, suffering one, and grasp it,
Health reclaim.

There is but one "Golden" Remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It stands alone as the great "blood purifier," "strength-renewer" and "health-restorer," of the age! The Liver, it regulates, removing all impurities. The Lungs it strengthens, cleansing and nourishing them. The whole system it builds up, supplying that, above all other things most needed—pure, rich Blood.

Short petticoats coming just below the knee are worn by many ladies in place of the chemise, and are trimmed with tucks and lace, or an embroidered ruffle.

"The Gods give no great good without labor," is an old proverb and a true one; the hardest labor is not that which is best paid, however. To those in search of light, pleasant and profitable employment, we say write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va.

Among flower-bonnets lately seen, one especially notable was of realistic red clover, and another of thistle and 4-o'clocks upon a foundation of twisted grasses.

Fast Horses and Athletics.

When prize fighters and fast horses were put in contest years ago, they were stuffed with alcohol to give them vim. Since the injurious effects of stimulants became known, it has been almost any kind of a diet for strength and endurance—no two alike. Late years, the diet has been mostly rice, mutton, potatoes, potato yeast bread, and Moxie Nerve Food. There is scarcely an athlete, pedestrian, fast horse, or over-worked person in our large cities now, that does not use the latter almost continually.

Habitues of the theatre will mourn the intelligence that the Alpine and Spanish hats with high-peaked crowns and standing brims threaten to be popular this winter.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but it most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists'.

It is computed that there are nearly a thousand women in Iowa who own farms and give them their personal attention. Only eighteen of these farms are mortgaged.

TETTER.—A member of the Pioneer Press staff, troubled for eleven years with obstinate Tetter on his hands, has completely cured it in less than a month, by the use of Cole's Carbolisalve.—Pioneer Press, St. Paul.

Mention must be made of the handsome new mohairs and French poplins that are scarcely to be distinguished from the soft-ribbed bengalines and other colored silks.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Robert B. Roosevelt, United States minister to Holland, was married to Mrs. Marion T. Fortesque of New York, recently.

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nerve tonics, Celery and Coca, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound

Price $1.00. Sold by druggists.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors
BURLINGTON, VT.

MINOR MENTION.

There is one place in Ventura county, California, where there are 6,000 acres planted with beans.

It is anticipated that the government exhibits at the Cincinnati Exposition will cover 40,000 square feet of space.

The government is trying lobster culture on the Pacific coast. The first Atlantic installment has been anchored at Santa Cruz.

The canning of shrimp is becoming a great industry in New Orleans. Fully 100,000 cans a day are packed there during the season.

"Chautauqua" means "a foggy place." The Indians did not forsee that the name would be applied to a system grandly fog-dispelling.

A decoction of tobacco, boiled in water and used cold the next day, is said to have been found effectual against the currant worm.

A Brooklyn man named Wardrobe is in a singularly appropriate business. He has set up a shop in Fulton street for the renovation of clothing.

The four brotherhoods, engineers, firemen, brakemen and switchmen of this country are taking steps toward the amalgamation of the four bodies.

Some of the Navajo scouts used by the government in chasing Geromino are reported to be robbing and murdering 30 miles east of Gallup, N. M.

There has been a heavy shrinkage in the quantity of South American sugar forwarded to this country during the season, as compared with last year.

Seven different kinds of campaign badges have already been sprung upon the public by New York manufacturers, the trinkets costing from 1 to 10 cents each.

Pet dogs in Paris are now clad in mantles with pockets for holding lumps of sugar, bracelets on their paws and a string of little silver bells around the neck.

Land in New York city is so dear that it does not pay capitalists to build houses for rental. Many houses that sell for $40,000 will not bring $2,500 a year rent.

An official report on the cholera epidemic which raged in Japan two years ago states that there were 153,574 cases of the disease, of which 110,086 were fatal.

The Smith family is numerous in England and Wales. The census places the number of individual Smiths in those countries at 353,814, which is more than the whole population of Dublin.

Not half an average crop of hay will be harvested in Nevada this season. In the Eastern part of the state the hay crop is almost a total failure. This means a high price for beef cattle.

A Port Huron, Mich., woman who is rather restless as to how business may be later in the season, has bought her coffin at a quarter off sale, and is now overseeing the construction of her tombstone.

A correspondent writes that the average yield of blueberries in Northwood, N. H., is about 800 bushels, and the present indications lead one to believe that there will be above an average crop this season.

Harry Cole, four years old, arrived at Rochester last week, having traveled alone from Los Angeles, Cal. Both his parents have died within a year, and the little fellow came East to take a home with an aunt.

Four new quarantine stations are to be established on the Atlantic coast, as follows: Delaware Breakwater, amount appropriated $75,000; Cape Charles, $112,000; Georgia coast, $38,500; Key West, $87,000.

The lightning, which almost demolished the house of Mr. Brantly at Servia, Ga., the other day, harmed none of the family, although a young son was within a foot or two of the place where the bolt first fell.

Ex-Gov. Alger, of Michigan, has a son 6 years of age. When the news of Harrison's nomination reached Detroit the little fellow remarked: "Well, everybody can't be nominated." You are pretty young for a philosopher," remarked the defeated father.

Three thousand little sand-crabs from the New Jersey coast have been sent to Europe. They will be placed in museums of natural history connected with schools, where they will be studied as specimens of diminutive crustacea.

Isn't it odd that lawyers will prosecute, juries find verdicts and judges pass sentence, and then the whole crowd turn about and sign a petition to the governor not to carry out the sentence. "Too much feelin's" is what ails this country to-day.

The disreputable Marquis of Ailesbury has at last turned his hand to something really useful. He has bought a Windsor and Henley coach and drives it every day, allowing anybody to ride for 7 shillings and 6 pence, with 5 shillings extra for a box seat beside his lordship.

At San Diego, Cal., a seance for materialization was recently held in a Methodist church with satisfactory results. Several spirits came out of the cabinet and talked with their friends in front. During the evening fourteen materializations took place and 109 tests were given.

Jesse R. Grant has been traveling through Mexico as the representative of New York capitalists who propose to invest largely in Mexican Mining property. He says he found regret expressed by business men all over Mexico that the Mexican reciprocity treaty failed to become a law.

The *Connecticut Farmer* says: The coming law, which our farmers will support almost to a man, will require the owner of a dog to give bonds to the amount of $1,000 for the good behavior of his cur, on which bond he may be sued for all damage to life or property which his worthless animal may cause.

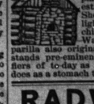
Recent figures which have been compiled show that the United States imports 60,000,000 pounds of prunes, 7,000,000 pounds of figs, 52,000,000 pounds of raisins, 5,000,000 pounds of almonds, 18,000 carloads of oranges and lemons, 250 carloads of preserved fruits, 250 carloads of other fruits representing a total value of over $30,000,000.

Prof. Maynard of Amherst finds that pyrethrum applied to trees and vines at the rate of one pound to 100 gallons of water will destroy many small insects, and paralyze the old ones so they will fall from the trees. Canker worms or other insects which crawl may then be kept from returning to the trees by bands of tarred paper wrapped around the trunks.

Marienne Lesbonne, the colonel of the commune, is about to become a theatrical manager for the presentation of a drama in verse called "The Sleep of Danton," by Clovis Hughes. It will be given the honors of a single audition in Paris—a sort of public rehearsal. Thence its glory will be taken to Marseilles, and from there to London. The drama tells the story of the last six months of the life of Danton, and the tale is a simple one of his own private life. A great sensation is expected from the scene where the royalists die on the scaffold.

A man who lives in Americus, Ga., has been hearing strange noises in the cellar of his house. At one time it was like syrup running from a barrel, which he thought was caused by rats, and another time like a person digging with a pick. When he heard the last noise he went down to the cellar with a light but everything was quiet. Returning to his family the digging commenced again louder and heavier. The house shook, the windows rattled, and all his dogs (eight or ten) began to bark and run around, the hands were awakened by it. What caused the noise, so much like digging was never found out. It kept up for over an hour.

There is an able romancer out west somewhere who is keeping the east supplied with excellent "items of interest." Here are a couple of them: "Lightning played a queer caper on a ranch near Buffalo, Wyoming, recently. It struck a barbewire fence, and for a distance of four hundred yards melted the barbs without injuring the strands, and pulled one end of the staples holding the wires to the posts. The extracted ends were neatly turned into corkscrews and nickle-plated." "Jim Blevins, living near White Rock, Tex., killed a very large chicken snake a few days ago, and, noticing the snake's body was unusually large and ill-shaped, made an incision and found it contained a large cow horn and in the horn a prairie rat. It is supposed that the snake chased the rat into the horn, and to secure the rat swallowed the horn."



THE LOG CABINS of America have been the birth-places of some of the grandest men. Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, first saw the light of day through the chinks of a Log Cabin. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla also originated in a Log Cabin and stands pre-eminent among the blood purifiers of to-day as Warner's "Tippecanoe" does as a stomach tonic.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

A FINE, SURE MEDICINE.

RADWAY & Co.—Gentlemen: Your Pills have often warded off sickness in my family. I never think it safe to be without them; they are a fine, sure medicine. Most respectfully yours,
HENRY KENWORTH,
Chebanse, Iroquois County, Ill.

What a Physician Says of Radway's Pills.

I am using your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills, and have recommended them above all pills, and sell a great many of them. I have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family, and expect to in preference of all Pills. Yours respectfully, DR. A. C. MIDDLEBROOK, Doraville, Ga.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

Dyspepsia of Long Standing Cured.

DR. RADWAY—I have for years been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver complaint and found but little relief until I got your Pills, and they made a perfect cure. They are the best medicine I ever had in my life. Your friend forever,
WILLIAM NOONAN,
Blanchard, Mich.

DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.

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BEST IN THE WORLD.
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Uses 38 & 44 cal. Winchester cartridge. Works easier, is simpler, stronger, lighter, than any other. DON'T BUY TILL YOU SEE IT.
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GALLERY, HUNTING AND TARGET RIFLES.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., Box 20 D, NEW HAVEN, CT.

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$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main street, Richmond, Va.

WARREN'S FEATHERBONE DRESS STAYS. Superior to all others. For sale everywhere by the yard. Try them! Story of Featherbone free. Address "FEATHERBONE," 3 Oaks, Michigan.

CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS. Semi-monthly, Lowest Rates, best Accommodations. Full information, address WARNER BROS., 22 south Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

PENSIONS 20 yrs. Practice in Pensions & Soldier Claims. Success or no fees. Send for new laws. C. M. SITES & Co., Atty's, Washington, D.C.

O'Hara's ASTHMA REMEDY—Prepared only by Dale & Sempill, Chemists, Clark & Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 25c and $1.00 sizes of your druggist or sent by mail on receipt of price.

GOLD. Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M.D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

GOLD is worth $500 per lb. Pettit's Eye Salve is worth $1000, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

W. N. U. D.--6--36.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

All Run Down

From the weakening effects of warm weather, by hard work, or from a long illness, you need a good tonic and blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives a good appetite, strengthens the whole system, purifies the blood, regulates the digestion.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health two years ago was very poor. My friends thought I was going with consumption. I commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla, took five bottles of it, and to-day I can do as hard a day's work as I ever could. It saved me from the grave and put me on my feet a sound, healthy man." WILL R. D. TRIBBEY, 144 East Main Street, Wiggonsville, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

Burlington Route. HALF RATES TO THE FARMING REGIONS OF THE WEST, SOUTHWEST, NORTHWEST.
For particulars call on your Ticket Agent or address P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

DUTCHER'S FLY KILLER!
CERTAIN DEATH
No hunting with powder and gun as for squirrels only to stupefy them. No lingering death on the sticking plaster. Flies seek it, drink and are
KILLED OUTRIGHT
humanely, so quickly they cannot get away. Use it freely. Prevent reproduction, secure serene peace and quiet. Always ask for DUTCHER'S.
FRED'K DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.

FREE HOMES At the rate they have been going the Public Domains will all be gone in 5 years. Now is the time to secure as Rich Land as the Sun shines on at $1.25 per acre. What better could be left for Children? ... THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

ST. JACOBS OIL
For Rheumatism.
BRAND NEW, STRONG PROOFS

23 Years. Newton, Ill., May 23, 1888. From 1863 to 1885—about 22 years—I suffered with rheumatism of the hip. I was cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. T. C. DODD.

15 Years. Maple Hill, Mich., May 8, 1888. Mr. JOHN J. SMITH, Ensley, Michigan, was afflicted with rheumatism 15 years; his case was pronounced incurable by two physicians, but was cured by St. Jacobs Oil and has remained so two years. S. McCREARY, Druggist.

Since 1885. No. Branch, Mich., May 21, 1888. Fall of 1885 was taken with inflammatory Rheumatism and suffered two weeks; was cured by one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. Mrs. J. H. VANDECAR.

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This is the "TIFFIN" WELL BORING MACHINE! Known as the best in use for boring wells from 5 to 44 inches in diameter. It also drills rock.

THIS IS THE GREAT "OHIO!" Tubular Well and Prospecting Machine, famous for succeeding where others have failed! Self cleaning! Drill drops 60 to 90 times a minute!
Catalogue FREE.
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A General Blood Purifier.
Positively Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints, Constipation, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Dropsy, Biliousness, Malaria, Diabetes, and all Diseases Arising from Impure Blood.

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Ladies will find this a Perfect Remedy for Female Troubles, such as Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, Sick Headache, and also for beautifying the Complexion and Eradicating Pimples and Blotches and other Skin Diseases.

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We say to all try it and be convinced, the same as we have convinced others, and if it does not do just as represented, return the package and have your money refunded. For sale by all Druggists or authorized Canvassing Agents at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package, or mailed on receipt of price, by the
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Every one should have a package in their home and never be without it.
Agents Wanted in all Localities. Extra Inducements.

TO MAKE A DELICIOUS BISCUIT ASK YOUR GROCER FOR DWIGHT'S COW-BRAND SALERATUS AND TAKE NO OTHER.

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